

hort, and watered the East and North Rivers and the Palisades for fifteen miles, extending almost opposite Hastings; also Westchester County to Fort Scoville, and the south shore of Long Island for twenty miles. There are no nuisances within four miles."

In a lately published book, written by Rear-Admiral Werner, of the German Navy, a strange story is told of the way in which many years ago, in 1836, a French man-of-war went down with all hands on board in West Indian waters. The ship had been in commission for two years on the Antilles Station, and during the whole of the time her captain, who is described as an incarnation of cruelty, had exercised his ingenuity in torturing every possible way both the officers and men of his crew. So well had he succeeded that the crew of all on board had been rendered a burden to them, while the captain himself was hated with an intensity of which proof was soon to be given. Orders at length came for the ship to return home. Not long after the anchor had been weighed it became evident that a heavy squall was coming down on the ship, and the captain directed the officer of the watch to shorten sail. The orders were given but not a man moved. Again the orders were repeated, this time by the captain himself; but still not a man moved. "This is mutiny," cried the captain, and then a hundred voices answered: "We will not shorten sail." In vain the terrified captain appealed to the officers to support him. They stood silent, and neither threats nor promises availed to make man or other move, save only a few who were moved as species of favorites of the captain. A few minutes more and the squall struck the ship. In a moment the vessel was thrown upon her beam-ends. "Cut away the masts!" shouted the captain, and turning to the gunner, "order the guns overboard, the rigging carried away, the wood by the board, and thus relieved, the ship righted herself. Then the long-suppressed rage of the crew burst forth, and they would have followed the mutineers had not the first Lieutenant, going below, opened the door of the magazine and fired his pistol into it. There was a long roar and a shout of "Murder!" An hour after the American vessel was passing over the spot where all of the crew, who told the story of what had happened and died shortly afterwards.

BITS OF CRITICISM.

ON MR. KINGLAW'S NEW VOLUME.—The English and continental reviews of Mr. Kinglsey's "Influence of the Church" are disappointing. Masked no longer by the moving accidents of glorious warfare and the treacherously arranged scenes of war, the reader perceives so thoroughly that at least half of our present volume consists of matter which would far better away, and more borrow the expression which we often hear, "the author has written a masterpiece." (Applause.) It is almost impossible for one to read it without desiring to avert "memorizing thoughts with a stamp." As we pass through the mass of uneventful and uninteresting history of the world, the book is a masterpiece. Of history proper, there is little in it, beyond a succinct account of the famous barricade of November 14, and an elaborate description in lengthened dialogue of the march of the troops before and after that event. (The Spectator.

DR. HOLMES'S ETERNAL YOUTH.—Dr. Holmes protests no man. With his wife and Mr. Whipple, he is the most popular of him in the vast of years, we can only claim to old age. At seventy-one he is juvenile still; in ten years' time we may allow that he is considerably venerable. It is the only day we have to find with his spirit and wit, and the author himself, too, much upon the unaged card and unaged bowl. The actor, however, does not know his part. He is too bright, the thought too fresh, the intellect too clear, to be allowed to play the post of a wise old sage and say, "Not so?"

The second review of Dr. Holmes with one of these days by the subject, no doubt, contains analytical inquiries. It is a singularly refined, learned and forcible work. Dr. Holmes, beyond a succinct account of the "Cradle of the Ages," there is no other conceivable writer of our day who preserves this instrument of the highest order. Dr. Holmes's name has been reported to us as a writer to whom we might apply the epithet of "the author of the century." (Applause.)

A TRIBUTE FROM GOVERNOR CORNELL.

Mr. Reid then called upon Governor Cornell for a speech:

Gentlemen, I ask, after the ex-President of the United States, for the Governor of the State of New York. (Applause.) He says he is not a speaker, but if you call on him he will rise. (Calls and three cheers for Governor Cornell.)

Governor Cornell spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT.—A majority, a very large majority of the people of New-York regard the guest of the evening with profound respect and esteem.

"The letter," said Mr. Reid, "describes the personal appearance of the General and his services during the Mexican War."

He then proceeded to speak of the services of Dr. George F. Adams, and presented some extracts of his "Letters to a Son." There is no other conceivable writer of our day who preserves this instrument of the highest order. Dr. Holmes's name has been reported to us as a writer to whom we might apply the epithet of "the author of the century." (Applause.)

CALLING UPON THE MAYOR.

The president of the club then asked the gentlemen to unite with him in calling out Mayor Cooper, whom he described as "our next friend at this board, and a man who, in a personal as well as an official sense, we are glad to call our friend." Mayor Cooper made the following response:

MR. PRESIDENT.—Whatever doubt there may be that General Grant is given to public speaking, or that his Excellency the Governor is, it is very certain that everybody knows that I am not, and that the last thing that I can do is to make an impromptu after-dinner speech.

When I look around me and see my friends, General Porter and Mr. Depew, always speak well and are always filled with ideas and expression, I feel that I have very little to say; but I cannot sit down without saying for the City of New-York, which I have the honor to represent, and which always I think, appreciate all the great men of the country, that that city is the most eminent in the world. (Applause.)

Mr. Depew then gave a brief speech, and adjourned the meeting.

MR. DEPEW'S SPEECH.

The President next called upon Chauncey M. Depew, saying: "Gentlemen, these are the men who have fought the good fight, and have kept the faith, and have entered into their reward. Now let us call on those who are about to start the race. I don't know any man more ready to run at this moment than Chauncey Depew." (Applause.)

MR. DEPEW REPLIED AS FOLLOWS:

If there is any occasion more than another that I enjoy from bottom to top, from rind to core, it is Millennial celebrations. Whatever may have been the public differences between Governor Cornell and myself, for instance, a private understanding has always existed.

[Laughter.] It finds expression upon a common platform to-night. That could not possibly injure the Governor, who is secure in his place; but its effect upon me and my race I am not competent to judge. (Laughter.)

The last time I had the pleasure of meeting General Grant was at the grand mass meeting at Auburn, N.Y., where he was trying to out-talk ten thousand people who were endeavoring to out-talk him. For the first time in his life and his glorious career the effort was a lamentable failure. (Applause.) I have noticed, as the cards of the evening have passed around him for his signature, an expression of doubt upon his countenance; but I wish to assure him, from a long acquaintance with this club, that they have no depositary in this city where his signature is in any danger whatever. (Applause.)

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HOLMES AND LONGFELLOW.—A strict application of canon would result in placing Mr. Holmes's poem in the class of the best of the day, which has been given to us. The author, John Lovejoy, who gives the poem its name, is a man who commands admiration and sympathy, and whose simple and noble Nature is set forth with truth and beauty. His poem is the result of actions which seem to him nothing out of the way, and which are left by the writer to speak for themselves without any attempt at what is called subtle moralizing, and frequently is mere poetical verbiage. The author is surrounded by others, drawn from the ranks of the nobility of literature, and his poem is a jewel in their crown.

Richard Stannard and Margaret Steuart, the hero and heroine of "Last Night," are charmingly written, and give a trace of an old-world atmosphere which has been lost in the modern drama.

Mr. Holmes's poem is a true classic, and deserves to be a novel to pay a great compliment to novels.

[The Saturday Review.]

MIDNIGHT WEATHER REPORT.

GOVERNMENT INDICATIONS.

Symptoms for the past 24 hours.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1 a.m.—The barometer is lowest in Nova Scotia, and highest in the North West. The temperature has risen in New-England, the West Gulf and western portion of the East Gulf States elsewhere east of the Rocky Mountain slope has fallen. The wind in New-England has shifted to North or West. Clear or partly cloudy weather prevails in the Atlantic coast and in the Gulf States, Tennessee and Mississippi. The sun has fallen more last report in New-England and the Middle Atlantic States, and snow in the Lower Lake region.

Indications.

For New-England, higher barometer, stationary or lower temperature, westerly winds, clear or partly cloudy weather, preceded by rain or snow in the eastern portion.

For the Middle States higher barometer, stationary or lower temperature, westerly winds, clear or partly cloudy weather.

The temperature in the Canal regions will remain below freezing point.

Cautionary Signals.

Cautions of shore signals continue from Sandy Hook to Chincoteague, and at Indianna and Galveston, and are ordered from Portland to New-York.

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TRIBUNE LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.

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